"C A L L A N"

"PEOPLE DISCOLOUR WITH TIME"

by

ROBERT BANKS STEWART

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CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
MERES
LONELY

CLARKE
RENA
SHEPPICK
MISS BREWIS
KANARO
BLAIR
FENTON
LAUNDERETTE ATTENDANT
NURSE

Extras: Launderette
Pub Garden
Hospital
Supermarket
Tilbury.

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. TILBURY DOCK. DAY. (STOCK)

A NEWLY-ARRIVED LINER AT ONE OF THE BERTHS.

2. INT. BAGGAGE SHED. DAY. (STOCK)

LONG SHOT ESTABLISHING THE INSIDE OF THE SHED. THE PASSENGERS WHO HAVE DISEMBARKED ARE WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR THEIR BAGGAGE TO BE ASSEMBLED IN SEPARATE BAYS BEARING THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

3. EXT. SHED DOOR. DAY. (FILM OR STUDIO LOC.)

AN ORDINARY-LOOKING SALOON CAR IS PARKED NOT FAR FROM THE SHED DOOR, FACING AWAY FROM IT. BEHIND THE WHEEL IS PERES, SCRIBBLING A NOTE. HE ROLLS DOWN THE CAR WINDOW AND HAILS A PASSING PORTER. GIVING THE MAN THE NOTE AND A TIP, HE INDICATES THE BAGGAGE SHED.

4. INT. SECTION. BAGGAGE SHED. DAY.

CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM THE LETTER "C" TO A GROUP OF PASSENGERS SORTING OUT THEIR BAGGAGE. THERE ARE SEVERAL "NEW" AFRICANS, BUT MOST ARE TANNED EUROPEANS WITH THE UNMISTAKABLY TOUGH, PAUNCHY APPEARANCE OF SETTLERS RETURNING TO WHAT THEY CALL THE "U.K." SOUND: BOAT-TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT.

AMONG THE PASSENGERS IS RONALD CLARKE, BY CONTRAST A TRIM, MILITARY FIGURE WITH FAIR, THINNING HAIR AND A MOUSTACHE. HE IS DRESSED IN A LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT AND CLUB TIE, AND IS AGED ABOUT FORTY.

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THE PORTER WITH THE NOTE APPEARS, SEARCHES HIM OUT. CLARKE LOOKS RATHER SURPRISED TO RECEIVE A NOTE. HE READS IT, FROWNS, STARTS TO WALK OUT OF THE SHED.

5. EXT/INT. SALOON CAR. DAY.

THE CAR ENGINE IS RUNNING. MERES WATCHES CLARKE IN THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR AS HE COMES OUT OF THE SHED AND LOOKS AROUND. CUT TO A CLOSE SHOT OF MERES' FOOT, HARD DOWN ON THE CLUTCH. HE STARTS TO WITHDRAW HIS FOOT.

6. EXT. SHED DOOR. DAY.

AS THE CAR REVERSES WITH A RUSH. CLARKE HAS LOOKED THE OTHER WAY. NOW HE TURNS HIS HEAD SHARPLY AND REALISES WHAT IS HAPPENING. EVEN AS HE TRIES TO LEAP CLEAR HE GRABS A BAGGAGE TROLLEY AND DRAGS IT INTO THE PATH OF THE CAR. BUT HE ISN'T QUITE FAST ENOUGH. THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE TROLLEY, WHICH IN TURN HITS CLARKE, SLAMMING HIM AGAINST A WALL. THE WHOLE INCIDENT CREATES A CLATTER, AND AS PEOPLE COME RUNNING, SCREAMING, THE CAR GEAR GRATES INTO FIRST AND IT ROARS AWAY.

PAN TO CLARKE. HE IS SPRAWLED OVER THE END OF THE TROLLEY, BLEEDING, SEMI- CONSCIOUS...

MIX TO:

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7. INT. HUNTER'S GYM. DAY.

HUNTER, IN SINGLET AND TRACK-SUIT PANTS, HAS PAUSED IN THE MIDDLE OF A WORKOUT. HE SCANS A PIECE OF PAPER, THROWS IT DOWN, AND GLARES AT MERES.

HUNTER: Concussion and a few scratches.

MERES: Severe concussion.

HUNTER: A guest of the National Health, without even a broken leg. It's a wonder he isn't in a children's hospital !

MERES: I'm sorry, but his reflexes were faster than I'd expected.

HUNTER RESUMES EXERCISES.

HUNTER: Well, of course he's nimble ! What do you think he's been doing for the past two years ? By God, I'll never listen to that rubbish about your racing gear-change again !

MERES: I had to use an ordinary car.

HUNTER: Driving like a nervous spinster.

MERES: It might have been better if I'd joined the ship at Madeira. I could have dealt with him on the way in.

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HUNTER: (SNEERS) And if you'd botched it like this ? I suppose you'd have got away in a lifeboat ?

MERES: Did anyone catch the car number ?

HUNTER: Luckily only the first two letters. Or you'd have been picked up half way from Tilbury.

MERES: At least there's one thing. He won't suspect us.

HUNTER: Hardly the point. He'd have felt perfectly safe in England. Now his nerves will be jangling like wires in the wind. He'll smell danger as strongly as he would in Africa.

HUNTER: Your smart Chelsea haircut.

MERES: He only saw the back of my head. As soon as he's out of hospital, I'll get him. I won't miss a second time, sir, I promise.

HUNTER: No.

MERES HAS MOVED TO A MAP OF LONDON ON THE WALL.

MERES: By far the best bet is to -

HUNTER: (SHARPLY) I meant 'no' he isn't yours any more.

MERES ~~TURNS TO~~ LOOKS AT HIM, NEEDLED.

MERES: You're handing him over to someone else ?

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HUNTER: Someone who can show the front of his head.

MERES: Whom Clarke knows ?

PUSH IN CLOSE ON HUNTER.

HUNTER: Callan. It ought to work. They're two of a kind.

CUT TO:

8. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.
CALLAN ASLEEP IN BED. HE IS BURIED BENEATH A HEAP OF BLANKETS TOPPED BY A RATHER TATTY LOOKING QUILT. SOUND OF A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

9. INT. LANDING. DAY.
MISS BREWIS, HIS NEIGHBOUR, IS AT THE DOOR. SHE HOLDS A LAUNDRY PARCEL AND A POSTCARD. SHE KNOCKS AGAIN.

MISS BREWIS: Mr. Callan ? It's me.

CALLAN'S VOICE: Come in.

SHE OPENS AN ELECTRIC JUNCTION BOX ON THE LANDING AND TAKES OUT A SPARE KEY, LETS HERSELF INTO HIS [redacted] FLAT.

10. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

CALLAN LOOKS BLEARILY OVER THE TOP OF THE BLANKETS AT HER.

MISS BREWIS: I took in your laundry. Five and eightpence.

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AS SHE PUTS IT DOWN ON A DRESSER HE INDICATES A PILE OF LOOSE CHANGE LYING THERE.

CALLAN: Help yourself. What time is it ?

MISS BREWIS: Twenty to one.

THERE IS A NOTE OF CENSORSHIP IN HER VOICE. HE YAWNS AN UNSIGHTLY, COATED-TONGUE YAWN.

CALLAN: Good enough odds to start the day.

MISS BREWIS: All those blankets. It's unhealthy in a sealed room. No wonder you oversleep. Your body isn't breathing. You're drugged with sleep.

SHE GOES TO OPEN THE WINDOW A LITTLE.

CALLAN: (V.O.) (S.O.V.) Drugs ? Haven't tried 'em yet, old luv. My sleep's purely psychological. This isn't a bed and blankets. It's a pit, a womb. A warm, safe womb. And you don't know it, but I'm also naked under this lot.

AS MISS BREWIS TURNS FROM THE WINDOW HE SEES THE POSTCARD IN HER HAND, SITS UP.

CALLAN: I can tell you've read it. What is it ?

MISS BREWIS: It's from your friend, thanking you.

CALLAN: For what ?

HE GRABS THE CARD FROM HER.

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MISS BREWIS: Your get-well card and the bottle of Pernod.

CALLAN: (REACTS) Nobby !

MISS BREWIS: Why the surprise ? He's got manners. I dare say you have, too, remembering someone in hospital. That was nice of you.

CALLAN: Wasn't it.

SHE EXITS. CAMERA STAYS TIGHT ON CALLAN.

CALLAN: (VOICE: S.O.V.) Sergeant Nobby Clarke. One of the mob in Malaya. Saved my life once. Never forget an old mate. Worth at least a bottle of Pernod. Only there's something damn funny ..

11. INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION. DAY.

CALLAN TALKING WITH A NURSE WHO IS CHECKING REGISTER.

CALLAN: (VOICE: S.O.V. CONTD) ..Haven't seen Nobby in years. Not since he was demobbed. I never even knew he was in hospital.

NURSE: Clarke ?

CALLAN: Initial R .. Mr. Ronald Clarke.

NURSE: Here he is. You mean Major Clarke.

CALLAN: [redacted] (SURPRISED) Major ?

AS HE GETS A ROOM NUMBER AND DIRECTIONS TRACK AWAY FROM THE DESK TO INCLUDE A PHONE BOX IN F.G. INSIDE THE BOX IS A FIGURE WITH HIS BACK TO US.

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12. INT. PHONE BOX. DAY.

IT IS MERES. CLOSE ON HIM AS HE TALKS INTO THE PHONE.

MERES: Callan's paying him a visit.

CUT TO:

13. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER ON THE PHONE, SMILING.

HUNTER: Good. It gives one a glow, bringing old friend together.

CUT TO:

14. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

CLARKE IS SITTING UP IN BED LOOKING ALMOST RECOVERED. HE GIVES CALLAN A MOCK PUNCH IN THE RIBS.

CLARKE: You cruddy old basket ! How many years is it ? You haven't changed a bit.

ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY IT IS A JOCULAR REUNION, CALLAN IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISED BY A CHANGE IN CLARKE. AND HE'S BEEN LURED HERE - WHY ?

CALLAN: I haven't. But get you. I'm almost convinced .. Major.

CLARKE: Oh, that.

CALLAN: It isn't for real, is it ? I thought you gave the Queen notice ?

CLARKE: So I did. I was dazed when they brought me in here, and I must have blurted out the Major bit. (CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY) It's a nickname I picked up abroad. Become a sort of attachment.

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CALLAN: Like the moustache.

CLARKE: Stiffens the upper lip and mops up perspiration, old son. Both things are quite important in Africa.

CALLAN: So that's where you've been hiding.

CLARKE: (NODS) Beating about the bush.

CALLAN: Doing what ?

CLARKE: Oh, this and that. All over the shop. You know me. Restless Ronnie.

CALLAN: What happened to 'Nobby' ? Too big a whiff of the other ranks ?

CLARKE: Right. Never give 'em a hint.

CALLAN: Who ?

CLARKE: Both the nigs and the nogs. Africans and Europeans to you.

HE OPENS A BEDSIDE CUPBOARD AND BRINGS OUT A BOTTLE OF PERNOD AND A FULL GLASS OF THE MILKY LIQUID.

CLARKE: You're a pal. You even remembered my favourite grog. What was it we used to call it ? Milk of amnesia .. have one ?

CALLAN: Not for me. Maybe you ~~should~~ ought't to be on the stuff ?

CLARKE: Take more than a touch of concussion to stop me, Corporal. I'll be out tomorrow. Cheers !

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HE DRINKS. THERE IS A PAUSE.

CLARKE: (CONTD) What puzzles me is how the hell you knew I was in dock ?

CALLAN: Pure chance.

CLARKE: A chance in nine million ?

CALLAN: A friend of mine works in Casualty. She happened to mention your name.

CLARKE: Cute little nursing number, I'll bet ..

CALLAN: Every inch a stunner.

CLARKE: In my state I wouldn't remember much about the talent when I was admitted.

CALLAN: What happened ?

CLARKE LOOKS AT HIM WITH SURPRISE.

CLARKE: I thought you knew ?

CALLAN: Only the gist of it.

CLARKE: I'd hardly set foot ashore at Tilbury when some damn fool backed his car into me.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE HEARS THIS. HE IS CAREFUL NOT TO BETRAY TOO MUCH INTEREST.

CALLAN: Careless.

CLARKE: A bloody close shave. They said driving at home had gone to pot.

CALLAN: Gets worse every day. You should get damages.

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CLARKE: Not a hope. The driver panicked and went off like a guided missile. Anyhow, let's change the subject.

CALLAN: Take it all in your stride, eh ?

CLARKE IS CLEARLY DETERMINED TO STEER TALK AWAY FROM THE INCIDENT.

CLARKE: What have you been up to these past few years ?

CALLAN: Nothing much.

CLARKE: Don't tell me Callan's settled for the quiet life ?

CALLAN: Wholesale groceries.

CLARKE MAKES A SHOW OF FALLING BACK ON HIS PILLOW.

CLARKE: You're joking ! Or you've gone soft in your old age.

CALLAN: Try me.

CLARKE: (SITS UP AGAIN) Now that's more like it. Two or three months in the African sun, and you might even beat me, boyo !

CALLAN: What dragged you away from the sun ? (JOKING) Or did they kick you out of the country ?

VERY CLOSE ON CLARKE'S EXPRESSION. A FLICKER OF WARINESS.

CLARKE: Me ? No, I decided to quit. You miss London.

CALLAN: You mean you're back for good ?

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CLARKE NODS, POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK.

CLARKE: Off home tomorrow.

CALLAN: Where's that ?

CLARKE: Two up, two down, in Stepney. With a wife and a nipper.

AS CALLAN SHOWS HIS SURPRISE THE DOOR OPENS AND RENA APPEARS. SHE IS ABOUT TWENTY FIVE, IRISH, PRETTY IN A XXXX HOLLOW-CHEEKED, N.H. DENTURE WAY. SHE SPEAKS WITH QUITE A STRONG ACCENT.

CLARKE: (CONTD) Rena ...meet Dave. Dave Callan, one of my old Army XXX mates. One of the best. My wife.

RENA: (SHAKES HANDS) Nice to meet you, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: How do you do. (TO CLARKE) I didn't know you were married.

RENA: We was wed just before he went to Africa.

CLARKE: [redacted] left her with a bun in the oven, swine that I am.

CALLAN: You haven't been abroad ?

CLARKE: Bit too hot where I was.

RENA: It's all right, now he's home.

SHE GOES OVER TO THE BED TO EMBRACE HIM.

CLARKE: And I have to spend the first two nights in a single bed !

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AS CLARKE LEANS OVER THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BED TO EMBRACE RENA, CUT TO C.U. CALLAN. HIS ATTENTION HAS BEEN CAUGHT BY AN OBJECT THAT IS ONLY JUST SHOWING UNDER THE MATTRESS. IT IS THE BUTT OF A REVOLVER.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) So somebody did try to kill you, Nobby. I wonder why ? I know who rigged this meeting, though. It was you, Hunter. I know it was you.

CUT TO:

15. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

OPEN CLOSE ON HUNTER. HE IS VERBALLY FENDING OFF AN ANGRY CALLAN.

HUNTER: All right, it was me. I wanted you to renew an old acquaintance.

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CALLAN: You sound like someone in a ~~Lonelyhearts~~ Lonelyhearts Bureau, only your heart isn't in the right place. ~~If~~ If you've got one.

HUNTER: I'll probably die of it.

CALLAN: (SARCASTICALLY) No flowers, please.

HUNTER: What did your friend Nobby have to say about Africa ?

CALLAN: Nothing that would interest you.

HUNTER: And nothing that would arouse your interest ?

CALLAN: I don't keep up with the ~~new~~ new States. ~~I~~ I read a newspaper report ~~about~~ about a military coup there the other day, ~~I~~ and ~~it~~ it might as well have been on the moon.

HUNTER: For all you care ?

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: (RISES FROM DESK) ~~Very~~ Very well, I won't bore you with names. But there's a certain country in Africa where there's a civil war going on. Law and order's up to the country concerned, of course, but we're entitled to take sides.

CALLAN: I'll bet "our side" is where we've got the most money at stake.

HUNTER: Let's just say it would be politically embarrassing if the other side won.

CALLAN: Well ?

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HUNTER: There's an even bigger embarrassment. "Major" Clarke.

CALLAN: Nobby ?

HUNTER: Since you don't keep abreast of events, I'll give you a file on him. He's quite brilliant.

CALLAN: As what ?

HUNTER: As a mercenary. A rather brutal mercenary.

CALLAN LOOKS ~~XXXX~~ FROM HUNTER TO MERES.

HUNTER: (CONTD) He trains the other side's army, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ as he once trained you, Callan. Just for the sport, he also engages in the odd combat himself. You might call it blood sport.

No doubt you remember what a good instructor he was. I suppose I ought to be grateful to him.

CALLAN GETS UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND STARES AT HUNTER AND MERES.

CALLAN: And you tried to kill him ? (TURNS TO MERES) It was you.

MERES: Three's a crowd.

~~XXXXXXXX~~ CALLAN LOOKS AS IF HE WILL HIT MERES. HUNTER STEPS BETWEEN THEM.

HUNTER: ~~What~~ Meres means that Section jobs are only discussed person-to-person. You should know.

CALLAN: (HARSH) Then get him out of here. Just so as I can turn you down .. person-to-person.

HUNTER NODS TO MERES, WHO EXITS. HUNTER POURS TWO DRINKS.

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HUNTER: I should have thought of you initially.

CALLAN: God knows what other dirty thoughts you have. But this is the dirtiest.

HUNTER: Is it ? (HE PAUSES) I'm waiting for pictures from Africa. Even over the phone they sounded grim.

CALLAN: I won't do it.

HUNTER: Why not ?

CALLAN: Because I know him.

HUNTER: Scared you couldn't go through with it?

CALLAN: Look, Hunter, find someone else.

HUNTER RESUMES HIS SEAT AT THE DESK, SIPS HIS DRINK.

HUNTER: Or are you afraid he might beat you ?

CLOSE ON CALLAN. THERE IS CLEARLY A WEAKSPOT HERE WHERE CALLAN IS CONCERNED. HUNTER KNOWS, OF COURSE.

CALLAN: It's rich, really it is. You .. describing someone as a dangerous mercenary. Personally, I wouldn't have the nerve.

HUNTER: We're sweepers-up. An entirely different thing.

CALLAN: Maybe he has been on the wrong side. And maybe he has used rough tactics. So what ? He's home. He's staying home. He's retired. And he has a wife and child.

HUNTER: Trappings. He's going back.

CALLAN: What makes you so sure ?

HUNTER: His kind always does. Apart from the fact that in Africa he's paid ten thousand a year and runs a Mercedes, you've met his wife, whom he married before he became an "officer" ? She works in a launderette, and their house backs on to a railway.

CALLAN: You're a snob. As bad as Meres.

HUNTER: Tell me a bigger snob than a phoney Major ? (GETS UP AGAIN) Our information is that he has no intention of remaining in his country. He's here incognito for some reason, and it isn't to see his wife and child. It could be buying arms, but we don't know, not care.

CALLAN: He isn't legally barred from being in the country.

HUNTER: No. But he isn't harmless, either.

CALLAN: You seem so bloody cocksure I'll see him again.

HUNTER: Even if you told him you knew what he's been doing, he'd still trust you. You're his sort, Callan. Same type.

CALLAN: Class, you mean.

HUNTER: (SHRUGS) If you like.

CALLAN: (SARDONIC) I heard you'd sent your kids to public school.

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HUNTER LETS THE JIBE GLANCE OFF HIM. HE GETS OUT A FILE.

HUNTER: But you don't really like him. Let me remind you about yourself, Callan.

CALLAN: You know, you aren't just a snob. You're a neurotic.

HUNTER: A fellow neurotic.

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CALLAN: You know just where to stab.

HUNTER: Like you, only you're a little more lethal with it.

Your psychiatric test - it's such a long time ago, you've probably no idea what you said. About a Sergeant 'Nobby' Clarke, who was in your unit. There's quite a lot of it, quite illuminating. You described him as your friend, but according to this, you constantly suggested he was really an enemy. Once, during unarmed combat training, he dislocated your arm. Deliberately, you said.

CALLAN: (INDICATES FILE) The paper's turned yellow.

HUNTER: And facts sometimes discolour with time. People discolour with time.

CALLAN: Nobby Clarke has a medal - for saving my life.

HUNTER: Oh, yes, he dragged you back to patrol lines once, near Penang. You were injured.

CALLAN: Right.

HUNTER: You were both being fired on at the time. Very brave of him. Except that he could have been using you as a shield, Callan. Yes ?

CALLAN STARES AT HIM, STARTS TO EXIT.

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CALLAN: Careful you don't twist yourself into knots.

HUNTER: (FIRMLY) ~~You needn't kill him~~ I tell you, he's going back. He'll burn a lot more villages and kill a lot more children.

CALLAN JUST CAN'T GET OVER THE THRESHHOLD.

HUNTER: (CONTD) But I'll make a deal with you. You needn't go all the way. Maim him, frame him, put him in prison for a year or two, if you like. Just put him out of action.

CALLAN: I'll have a drink with him. That's all.

HUNTER: Before you go, there's just one other thing. The car that knocked him down. Someone got part of the registration number. (LIFTS PAPERS) The full number's here, on hire papers taken out by you that day.

(CALLAN LOOKS HARD AT HUNTER.

CALLAN: You'd ~~kill~~ frame me with the police ?

HUNTER: No, I think we'd start by telling ~~him~~ Nobby Clarke ...

BIG C.U. ON CALLAN'S REACTION.

CUT TO:

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16. INT. CLARKE'S SITTING ROOM. DAY.

A DISMAL ROOM. SKIMPY CURTAINS AND CHEAP MODERN FURNITURE, STAINED AND STREWN WITH MAGAZINES AND ~~KMXXERKXXX~~ BROKEN TOYS. A CLOTHES-HORSE, FESTOONED WITH A CHILD'S THINGS, STANDS NEAR AN UNCLEARED FIREPLACE. CLARKE COMES IN FROM THE ADJOINING KITCHEN WEARING A KD SHIRT. HE LOOKS BORED, SURVEYS THE ROOM BLEAKLY AND GOES AND GETS SHOE CLEANING THINGS. PUSHING OBJECTS OFF A CHAIR HE SITS DOWN TO INDULGE IN THE OLD SOLDIER'S HABIT OF "BULLING" EVEN CIVVIE SHOES. AFTER A MOMENT THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING. RENA APPEARS WITH A NET SHOPPING BASKET. SHE IS WEARING A WRINKLED PVC COAT.

RENA: You're up, then.

CLARKE: The nipper gone to nursery ?

RENA: (NODS) LCC place, just down the road - for working mothers. They look after the kids all day, otherwise I couldn't have taken the job.

CLARKE: What time do you start ?

RENA: I do the nine-thirty till ~~four~~ five shift. (SHE STICKS GREEN SHIELD STAMPS IN A BOOK) Almost filled the seventh book.

CLARKE: Trading stamps ?

RENA: I was going to get a hair-dryer. But now you're home, I'll get us something more useful. Have you had a bite of breakfast ?

SHE MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN WITH THE SHOPPING.

CLARKE: I wasn't hungry.

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(CALLS)
RENA:/Want a cup of tea ?

CLARKE: No thanks. I have a drink.

SHE REAPPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, SEES HE HAS A GLASS OF PERNOD.

RENA: On an empty stomach, at this time in the morning ? You haven't become an alcoholic through being out there, have you ?

CLARKE: Different kind of thirst. I'll break the habit.

SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND SITS ON THE END OF A CHAIR.

RENA: Nobby, you really meant what you said about settling down, didn't you ?

CLARKE: I said so.

RENA: You aren't going to go waltzing off again suddenly are you ?

CLARKE: (IRRITATED) I said not !

RENA: Why didn't you send for me ?

CLARKE: Look, I told you. You wouldn't have liked it. I was up-country most of the time. It was rough.

RENA: (SIGHS) It couldn't have been much rougher than being alone here. Now I know how sailors' wives feel.

CLARKE: Shouldn't you be getting round to work ?

RENA: (RISES) I suppose so. I'd have given up the [illegible] Jaundiette the day you appeared, only I couldn't bear to let my boss down.

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CLARKE: You were right.

RENA: [redacted] He's been good to me. He's a widower, and a bit lonely, too. I hope you don't mind - he's taken me out a few times. He plays it straight, though. No funny business.

CLARKE: Of course I don't mind.

SHE STUBS OUT HER CIGARETTE, STARTS TO LEAVE. AT THE DOOR SHE PAUSES.

RENA: I'm sorry about the mess. But what with working and all .. (THEN) We can have it redecorated.

CLARKE: Sure.

RENA: I've left something in the oven for you. Switch it on when you're hungry.

AS SHE EXITS HOLD ON CLARKE. HE FINISHES HIS DRINK, LOOKS DISTASTEFULLY AROUND THE ROOM AND HEADS FOR THE KITCHEN.

17. INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

EQUALLY UNTIDY AND DEPRESSING. CLARKE LAYS DOWN HIS GLASS, OPENS THE OVEN AND BRINGS OUT A PYREX DISH. HE SNIFFS THE FOOD. THEN, WITH AN EXPRESSION OF DISGUST HE EMPTIES THE CONTENTS INTO A WASTEBIN.

CUT TO:

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18. INT. PUB GARDEN. DAY.

CALLAN IS HAVING A DRINK WITH CLARKE. THE GARDEN IS REALLY A BRICK-WALLED YARD. IT IS QUITE BUSY, AND SEVERAL OF THE CUSTOMERS ARE COLOURED.

CLARKE: I can't make out which makes me feel more at home. A Stepney pub, or the number of nigs around.

CALLAN: England's changed.

CLARKE: So I gather. (HE DRINKS) Anyway, some of my best friends are Africans.

CALLAN LEANS FORWARD.

CALLAN: Including your employers.

CLARKE GIVES HIM A SHARP GLANCE.

CLARKE: If you mean did I ever work for African companies, naturally I -

CALLAN: You really are a Major.

CLARKE: (AFTER A PAUSE) All right, Corporal. (SMILES) You didn't want me to pull my rank on you, did you ?

CALLAN: Why didn't you say what you'd been doing ?

CLARKE: "Mercenary" is a dirty word. (PAUSE) How did you find out ?

CALLAN: London hospitals teem with coloured nurses. One of them is a friend of my friend. She recognised you from a picture she'd once seen in an African newspaper.

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CLARKE: There are more damn cameras than guns over there. All right, so now you know.

CALLAN: We've been in some tight spots together, Nobby.

CLARKE: Right, old son, we have.

CALLAN: Maybe you're in one now.

CLARKE: Cobblers !

CALLAN: Someone tried to get you at Tilbury.

CLARKE: And what if they did ?

CALLAN: Why ? What sort of outfit were you ~~xxzzz~~ with ?

CLARKE: Does it matter ? I was a mercenary. Lots of us out there. And plenty of dirty jobs to do. But you and I used to do the same thing in Malaya, didn't we ?

CALLAN: True.

CLARKE: Where's the difference ? You know, you could easily have been a mercenary yourself. It takes guts, and you don't go by the book. Remember when you knifed that waiter in Singapore? Little bastard. He'd have got us, otherwise. You took him beautifully.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE IS REMINDED OF THIS INCIDENT - AND MANY OTHERS SINCE.

It's just the luck of the draw. You've been in wholesale groceries - I simply went on soldiering for a bit longer. (HE FROWNS) By the way, I'd be glad if you didn't mention it to Rena. She doesn't know what I was doing exactly.

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CALLAN: You've definitely chucked the life ?

CLARKE: Home is the hunter ...

CLARKE TURNS TO ORDER ANOTHER DRINK FROM A WAITER. CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Trouble is the other Hunter, capital H. He doesn't believe you, Nobby. I wish I knew whether I did.

CALLAN STARTS TO GET TO HIS FEET.

CLARKE: Do you have to go ?

CALLAN: 'Fraid so.

CLARKE: We'll have the other half soon, I hope ?

CALLAN: Look forward to it.

CLARKE: Just one thing. I've been wondering why you really looked me up again.

THERE IS A PAUSE. CALLAN SMILES, COVERING.

CALLAN: I haven't quite lost the touch, Nobby. If you need any help ..

CLARKE: (GRINS AT HIM) Now that sounds more like the old Callan ! I'll keep it in mind ..

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HE IS AN EDUCATED AFRICAN, WEARS ANY ENGLISH TWEED SUIT, SMOKES A PIPE.

AS CALLAN GOES HOLD ON CLARKE. THEN PAN TO SHOW MILTON KANARO, WHO APPEARS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GARDEN. ~~HE WEARS A BOW COLLAR AND IS WELL DRESSED.~~ CLARKE IS WATCHING CALLAN'S DEPARTURE AND DOESN'T SEE KANARO. THERE IS A FAINT TOUCH OF MENACE AS KANARO COMES UP TO THE TABLE. THEN HE SITS DOWN. CLARKE DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL SURPRISED TO SEE HIM.

KANARO: Who was that ?

HE SPEAKS WITH A SOFT, CULTURED ACCENT.

CLARKE: An old friend, Callan.

KANARO: I thought you weren't meeting old friends ?

~~CLARKE: Well different.~~ We were in the Army together, ~~and he had a good training. I can vouch for that, him.~~

KANARO: ~~Can you~~ Are you going to offer him a job ?

CLARKE: I might. He's exactly the ~~I thought him personally how to break people's necks. It's~~ sort we ~~this sort we're after, Brigadier Hannay is~~ after.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART ONE.

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FADE IN:

PART TWO.

19. INT. LAUNDERETTE. DAY.

MACHINES CHURNING AWAY, TWO OR THREE SEATED CUSTOMERS GAZING AT THEM AS IF THEY WERE CIRCULAR TV SCREENS. RENA, IN AN OVERALL, IS WEIGHING OUT A WOMAN'S LAUNDRY IN A PLASTIC BAG.

RENA: (BRISK) Ten pounds exactly.. dried for ironing. (WOMAN PAYS) Just right, Mrs Harris. Ready by four o'clock.

RENA GOES INTO A SHORT CORRIDOR LEADING TO A BACK OFFICE. THE CORRIDOR [redacted] HAS DRY-CLEANING RACKS ON EITHER SIDE AND A DOOR MARKED TOILET.

20. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

A SMALL, CLUTTERED OFFICE, STACKED WITH DRUMS OF COMMERCIAL WASHING POWDER, CLEANING FLUID, ETC. THERE IS A TILL BESIDE THE DOOR, AND A SAFE IN THE CORNER, OPENED. THE OWNER, STAN SHEPPICK, SITS BEHIND A DESK, TALKING INTO THE PHONE. HE IS A TUBBY MAN IN HIS FORTIES, BALDING, JEWISH. HE CONTINUES WITH HIS CONVERSATION AS RENA ENTERS AND PUTS THE MONEY IN THE TILL.

SHEPPICK:(INTO PHONE) Tomorrow, ten-thirty, yes ? Very well, Mr. Millard, and thank you. Many thanks!

HE RINGS OFF AND POSITIVELY BEAMS AT RENA.

Well, I've done it !

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RENA: The other shop ?

SHEPPICK: A five year lease, with an option on another five - and hardly any plumbing or alterations required. All I need are the machines, and we're a chain of launderettes ! Well, the start of a chain ..

AS HE TALKS HE PUTS ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND STUFFS PAPERS IN HIS BRIEFCASE WITH THE AIR OF A WHEELER-DEALER. SHE SMILES.

RENA: That's marvellous, Stan.

SHEPPICK: First thing, we'll have to get a trade name like the others. 'Prestowash', or something.

RENA: Fully automatic ?

SHEPPICK: Yes, but I'll still want someone on the spot. A manageress. (HE GIVES HER A LOOK) I've been meaning to talk to you about it, Rena.

RENA: Me ?

SHEPPICK: The job's yours. Part-time, just like you are now. But manageress. And I'd be buzzing between shops.

RENA HATES TO DISAPPOINT HIM, BUT SHE SHAKES HER HEAD.

RENA: It's nice of you to ask, Stan. Real nice. But it's out of the question.

SHEPPICK: Why ?

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RENA: I'm sorry, but I'm leaving as soon as you can replace me.

SHEPPICK: (DISMAYED) You are ? But .. I thought you liked the work. I thought we'd become more than just boss and employee. I mean friends.

RENA: It isn't that. It's .. Nobby.

SHEPPICK: (FROWN) You're going out to join your husband in Africa ?

RENA: Nobby's home.

SHEPPICK: Oh. You never told me.

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT IS OBVIOUS.

RENA: It was a bit of a surprise for me. But he's back for good.

SHEPPICK: Well naturally I'm pleased for you. But why stop working ?

RENA: There's the kid for one thing, and I'd like to run the house. Nobby's been leading a different sort of life.

SHEPPICK: (SLOWLY) Things have been different for me, too, Rena .. since you came to work here.

RENA: Don't, Stan.

SHEPPICK: You know something ? I'll tell you, and please don't hate me for saying this. I've even found myself hoping you mightn't be married after all. That you might just have been keeping up appearance, you know ?

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SHE WALKS TO THE DOOR.

RENA: Stan .. come and have a meal with us, will you ? Come and meet Nobby.

SHEPPICK: All right, maybe I will.

SHE GOES OUT TO THE LAUNDERETTE. CAMERA HOLDS ON SHEPPICK AS HE GAZES AFTER HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN TURNS TO OPEN THE TILL. BACK TO BUSINESS. HE STARTS TO TRANSFER MONEY FROM THE TILL TO THE SAFE.

CUT TO:

21. INT. LAUNDERETTE. DAY.

RENA IS USING A DEMIST AEROSOL ON THE FOGGED UP WINDOWS OF THE LAUNDERETTE. CAMERA IS CLOSE ON THE WINDOW AS SHE GIVES IT A BURST. AS IT CLEARS WE SEE CALLAN'S REFLECTION MATERIALISE. A LITTLE STARTLED RENA TURNS TO FIND HE HAS BEEN LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER.

RENA: Mr. Callan. You gave me a scare. I never expected to see you here.

CALLAN: I've got a passion for launderettes. Spend whole evenings in them in winter. Magazines, coffee, tea. Other people's washing for entertainment.

RENA: Try working in one !

SHE GATHERS UP A BUNDLE OF LAUNDRY AND EMPTIES IT INTO A MACHINE. AT THAT MOMENT SHEPPICK PASSES THEM ON HIS WAY OUT.

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SHEPPICK: Safe's locked, Rena, but there's plenty of change in the till.

RENA: Right, Stan.

SHEPPICK PAUSES, LOOKS AT CALLAN.

SHEPPICK: Is this .. Nobby ?

RENA: A friend of his. He was just passing.

SHEPPICK: Oh. Well, I'm off, then. Tell your relief I'll be back before she closes.

HE EXITS. SHE STARTS THE MACHINE AND PUTS IN THE FIRST SOAP POWDER.

RENA: Like a cup of tea ?

CALLAN: Let me ..

HE PUTS MONEY IN A VENDING MACHINE, GIVES HER A CUP, HAS ONE HIMSELF.

RENA: Have you been seeing Nobby ?

CALLAN: (Nods) We had a drink together .. went over old times.

RENA: I'm glad you're around. He needs friends. Being away so long, he's a bit of a stranger.

CALLAN: He must seem (slightly) that way to you as well.

SHE LOOKS AWAY FROM HIM.

RENA: It'll be all right when he gets used to the change and has something to do.

CALLAN: Bound to get fixed up soon.

RENA: He's made a lot of phone calls.

CLOSE ON CALLAN'S EXPRESSION.

CALLAN: He has ?

RENA: I think he's got plans. Didn't he tell you ?

CALLAN: No. What sort of plans ?

RENA: I've no idea. He won't discuss things with me. Never talks about his life abroad, either, come to that. You'd almost think he'd been in jail, or on some secret mission. (SHE PAUSES) Mr. Callan, will you do me a favour ?

CALLAN: Depends on what it is.

RENA: If Nobby ever toys with the idea of going back to Africa, will you try to stop him ?

PUSH IN VERY CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CUT TO:

22. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

~~HEXTERZXMEZMEREXX~~ TIGHT ON HUNTER AND MERES. THE DESK IS ONLY DIMLY LIT.

MERES: Callan had a drink with Clarke, and a heart-to-heart with his wife.

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HUNTER: Just as I'd hoped.

MERES: He may have decided to drop it.

HUNTER: In that case we shall simply have to harden his resolve.

MERES: How do you propose to do that ?

HUNTER: By softening him up.

MERES: I thought you said one of Callan's deficiencies was that he'd grown too soft ?

HUNTER: It's undoubtedly his chief drawback. And yet, in a curious way, it can be turned to advantage. You've got about as much feeling as the bumper on your car, Meres.

MERES: That's unfair, sir.

HUNTER has moved ACROSS TO A FILE, BRINGS OUT SEVERAL PHOTO TRANSPARENCIES.

HUNTER: (HOLDING THEM UP) These arrived this morning. Watch.

HE PUTS ONE TRANSPARENCY INTO A VISUALISER, DESK FLIPS A SWITCH. THE PICTURE APPEARS ON THE VISUALISING SCREEN. IT SHOWS NOBBY CLARKE IN THE UNIFORM OF A MERCENARY MAJOR, HOLDING A REVOLVER. HE IS THE SOLE SUBJECT OF THE PICTURE.

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HUNTER: (CONTD)'Major' Clarke, in action.

HE PROJECTS ANOTHER PICTURE WHICH WE DO NOT SEE. AS HE STUDIES IT MERES' EYES NARROW.

MERES: Did he do that ?

HUNTER: Haven't you read his file ?

MERES: Yes. But show these to Callan, and he'll say you've no real evidence. Just two separate pictures.

HUNTER LIFTS THE FIRST TRANSPARENCY.

HUNTER: Haven't you heard of a double image ? (FITS IT INTO MACHINE) Now we have a candid study, taken at the spot.

MERES NODS, BEGINS TO SMILE.

I've already ordered a nice, grainy print of the bold Major and one of his atrocities ..

CUT TO:

23. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

A SINGLE LAMP IS ON. IN THE SHADOWS SOMEONE IS SEARCHING THE FLAT. WE SEE HANDS OPENING DRAWERS, CHECKING A BOOK BESIDE THE PHONE, ETC. THE PHONE RINGS. IT GOES ON RINGING FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEN A HAND LIFTS IT OFF THE HOOK.

CUT TO:

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24. EXT. STREET ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

CALLAN STEPS INTO A PORTICO, BRINGING OUT HIS KEY. BESIDE THE DOOR IS A ROW OF BELL-PUSHES WITH NAME CARDS, AND THE GRILLE OF A SPEAKER CONNECTED TO INDIVIDUAL FLATS. CALLAN STARTS TO OPEN THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

25. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE HAND REPLACES THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

26. EXT. LANDING. NIGHT.

ON THE STAIRS AS CALLAN COMES UP. AS HE REACHES THE LANDING HE SUDDENLY STOPS, LOOKS UP. CUT TO HIS P.O.V. - THE ELECTRIC JUNCTION BOX. IT IS SLIGHTLY OPEN. CALLAN REACHES UP AND FEELS INSIDE. THE SPARE KEY IS MISSING. HE GLANCES AT HIS DOOR, CONSIDERS A LINE OF ACTION FOR A MOMENT. THEN HE GRABS THE HANDLE ON THE SIDE OF THE BOX AND PULLS IT TO "OFF" .

CUT TO:

27. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

AS THE LAMP GOES OFF. THE HANDS TRY THE SWITCH, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK. ANOTHER CLICK AS THE MAIN LIGHT-SWITCH IS TURNED ON TO NO EFFECT. SOUND OF KEY IN THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

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28. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

CALLAN WITHDRAWS THE KEY AND KICKS THE DOOR OPEN. IT SWINGS WIDE. THERE IS NO SOUND FROM WITHIN.

CALLAN: I'll give you just five seconds to come out, otherwise I'm going to -

HE BREAKS OFF AS THERE IS THE SOUND OF A LAUGH FROM INSIDE THE FLAT. CALLAN FROWNS. HE KNOWS THAT LAUGH. SLOWLY ON HE REACHES UP AND TURNS THE ELECTRICITY AGAIN.

CUT TO:

29. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE LAMP - AND THE MAIN LIGHT - BOTH ON NOW. CALLAN COMES THROUGH THE DOOR, STOPS. CUT TO HIS P.O.V. TO SHOW CLARKE SITTING IN A CHAIR, RELAXED, CHUCKLING.

CALLAN: Nobby ?

CLARKE: In the old days you'd have lobbed one in first.

CALLAN: Catch !

HE TOSSES HIS LIGHTER AT CLARKE, WHO CATCHES IT.

CLARKE: Woops !

CLARKE GRINS, LIFTS A CIGARETTE FROM A TABLE AND LIGHTS IT. CALLAN WALKS INTO THE ROOM FROWNING AT HIM, KICKING THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM.

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CALLAN: You're welcome to drop in any time. But this way is at your own risk.

CLARKE: I thought I'd surprise you. The key wasn't hard to find.

CALLAN TAKES OFF HIS COAT, HIS EYES ROAMING THE ROOM FOR SIGNS OF A SEARCH.

CALLAN: I've become sloppy.

CLARKE: Right ! Lesson number one: always secure your lines against infiltration. ~~[redacted]~~ Ignore the rule, and you're dead.

CALLAN: I thought you'd forgotten all that ?

CLARKE MOVES OVER TO CALLAN'S CURRENT WAR-GAME - A MODERN SET-UP THIS TIME - WITH GUERILLA TROOPS, BRENS, FLAME-THROWERS, ETC.

CLARKE: I thought you had. And what do I find ? You're keeping your hand in right up to the elbow! Tactical exercises in guerilla warfare, difficult terrain, troops intelligently deployed.

CALLAN: Just a hobby, though it doesn't quite live up to your field experience. ~~[redacted]~~ Still, maybe we can ~~[redacted]~~ have a game some time.

CLARKE: Nothing I'd enjoy more. We might have plenty of chances soon.

CALLAN: I don't quite follow you.

CLARKE: The reason I'm here is to sound you out about a new job.

CALLAN: Sound me out ?

CLARKE: That's right.

HE IS FIDDLING WITH THE TOY SOLDIERS AS HE TALKS. CALLAN IS WATCHING HIM CLOSELY.

CALLAN: Aren't you supposed to be the one who's job-hunting ?

CLARKE: Never mind that. I just want to know whether you'd be interested.

CALLAN: Possibly. What's being offered ?

CLARKE: For the moment, let's just say it has something to do with my ~~Australian~~ overseas connections. And it pays well. I'll be able to give you more info later.

HE STARTS TO LEAVE. AT THE DOOR HE PAUSES AND THROWS CALLAN A KEY.

Your key. And while you were out, someone called Charlie phoned.

CALLAN: When will you be in touch ?

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CLARKE: [redacted] Couple of weeks, or so. I have to do a spot of travelling first.

HOLD ON CALLAN'S EXPRESSION.

CUTO TO:

30. INT. SUPERMARKET (SECTION) DAY.

SIMPLY A LANE FORMED BY TWO HIGH SHELVES OF FOODSTUFFS. CALLAN AND HUNTER WHEELING WIRE BASKETS.

HUNTER: Where's he travelling to ?

CALLAN: None of my business.

HUNTER: Isn't it ?

CALLAN: Look, I told you what you could do with this job !

HUNTER CALMLY SELECTS SOME TINS.

HUNTER: At least he can't get out of the country without us knowing. Dear me, the price of button mushrooms ! Ever tried them on toast with paprika sauce ?

CALLAN: I stick to baked beans. I might have known you'd be a cook. You're so bloody good at stirring things.

HUNTER: Glad you haven't lost your sense of humour. (THEN) I wish you'd get it over with, Callan.

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CALLAN: What did your wife buy you for Christmas - a butcher's apron ?

UNPERTURBED, HUNTER COLLECTS A FEW MORE TINS.

HUNTER: So you think Clarke's the whitest white man to leave Africa.

CALLAN: I don't reckon his past, that's all. Not as a reason for making him a target now.

HUNTER: But if he went back to being a mercenary ?

CALLAN: You know something, Hunter ? If only to get away from your kind, I might even fancy a spell as a mercenary myself.

HUNTER: You don't have leadership qualities. That's why you never got beyond Corporal. ~~IHZXHUXZXXXEX~~ Besides, you wouldn't enjoy it.

HE BRINGS OUT A LARGE ENVELOPE. GIVES IT TO CALLAN.

I must be going.

CALLAN: What's this ?

(WHEELING HIS BASKET AWAY)

HUNTER: Since you're so fond of Nobby, I thought you'd like a portrait of him for your mantleshelf ..

AS HUNTER GOES CAMERA HOLDS ON CALLAN. HE SLIDES THE PICTURE OUT OF THE ENVELOPE TO LOOK AT IT. [redacted] A WOMAN SHOPPER WHO HAS MOVED BESIDE HIM TO REMOVE A TIN [redacted] FROM A SHELF, [redacted] PEERS NOSILY AT THE PICTURE IN HIS HAND. SHE REACTS WITH [redacted] WITH A GASP OF HORROR.

DISSOLVE TO:

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31. EXT. PUB GARDEN. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND LONELY AT A TABLE IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN. LONELY DRINKS HIS SCOTCH GRATEFULLY. CALLAN HAS A HALF-PINT OF BITTER.

LONELY: That's better. It's a bit chilly out here. Couldn't we talk inside ?

CALLAN: With you, Lonely, I prefer the fresh air. My nostrils stand a chance.

LONELY: You always try to rile me that way, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Nonsense. I'n your best friend. I tell you.

LONELY TAKES ANOTHER DRINK, LEANS FORWARD.

LONELY: In all, he's made half a dozen journeys.

CALLAN: Have you found out where ?

LONELY: (NODS) Some of the places .. Swindown ..Manchester .. Govan, near Glasgow .. Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire.

CALLAN: Any idea what he was doing ?

LONELY: He stayed at commercials mostly - one star-hotels - and usually had a visitor. Maybe he's setting up some kind of business ?

CALLAN: (THOUGHTFUL) Maybe.

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LONELY: Twenty-five you said.

CALLAN BRINGS OUT HIS WALLET AND PAYS HIM THE MONEY.

CALLAN: This time I'll join you in a large scotch. And a large ginger ale.

LONELY: (HOPEFULLY EYES WALLET) There's something else, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN HESITATES, THEN DECIDES TO REPLACE HIS WALLET.

CALLAN: All right, Lonely. I'll buy you another.

LONELY HAD HOPED FOR GREATER REWARD, BUT HE DOESN'T PRESS IT. HE SHRUGS, ~~[illegible]~~ PRODUCES A SLIP OF PAPER.

LONELY: In London, Clarke's spent a lot of time at this address. (HANDS OVER ADDRESS) It's an old mail-order warehouse behind King's Cross. The current lease is held by a syndicate of African importers.

CLOSE SHOT OF CALLAN.

CUT TO:

(FILM OR STUDIO LOC)

32. EXT. WAREHOUSE NIGHT.

CALLAN APPROACHING THE WAREHOUSE, A ~~[illegible]~~ GLOOMY, ~~[illegible]~~ BRICK BUILDING WITH THE NAME "AFROCRAFT" AT THE ENTRANCE. SOUND ~~[illegible]~~ OVER OF TRAINS. HE STOPS TO LOOK AT THE SIGN, THEN SEES THAT THE DOOR IS PARTLY OPEN. WARILY HE STARTS TO GO IN.

CUT TO:

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33. INT. ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

A SMALL, SQUARISH AREA WITH A RECEPTION DESK AND SWITCHBOARD. SEVERAL WOODEN CRATES LIE ABOUT. STAIRS LEAD TO A FLOOR ABOVE, AND ALONG A PASSAGEWAY A SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS GOES DOWN TO A DOOR WITH A FROSTED GLASS PANEL IN IT.

A LIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE GLASS. CALLAN ENTERS, LOOKS AROUND. HIS ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY THE LIGHT, AND HE STARTS TO GO TOWARDS IT. AS HE MOVES ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY CAMERA PANS BACK TO SHOW THE LEGS OF A MAN COMING QUIETLY DOWNSTAIRS. A HAND REACHES OUT OUT FOR SOMETHING BEHIND THE RECEPTION DESK.

34. INT. PASSAGEWAY. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE PAUSES ON THE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE DOOR. AS HE HEARS A MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM HE TURNS HIS HEAD. CUT TO ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW KANARO POISED JUST ABOVE CALLAN. IN HIS HAND HE HOLDS A VICIOUS-LOOKING AFRICAN KERI-COSH.

CALLAN: Evening.

KANARO: Forgive me for brandishing this rather primitive keri, but I assure you it's very effective.

CALLAN: I'll take your word for it.

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KANARO: ~~[illegible]~~
Nowadays people hang them on their walls. ~~[illegible]~~

CALLAN: If you like that sort of thing.

KANARO: But there was a time when a Bangwati tribesman could split a man's skull with one of these, as easily as topping an egg. (PAUSE) Do you mind telling me what you're doing here ?

CALLAN: Looking for a friend of mine, Nobby Clarke.

KANARO: Then go straight ahead. He's in there.

CALLAN HESITATES, THEN WALKS AHEAD OF KANARO AND PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

35. INT. WORKSHOP. NIGHT.

CALLAN MOVES IN AND REACTS. THE FIRST THING THAT MEETS HIS GAZE IS A ROW OF SHRUNKEN HEADS SUSPENDED OVER A TANK. THEY ARE DRIPPING WITH SOME FLUID.

CALLAN: Friends of yours ?

KANARO: It's really quite extraordinary how many English people adore them. Personally I find them revolting.

AS CALLAN [redacted] WALKS ON WE SEE MORE OF THE WORKSHOP. THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF AFRICAN "GIFT" ITEMS - SPEARS, DRUMS, HEADDRESSES, AND LOTS OF "PRIMITIVE" SCULPTURE, MUCH OF IT IN [redacted] ORDINARY WHITE WOOD, WAITING TO BE PAINTED.

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ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW CLARKE [redacted] AT A DESK IN A GLASS PARTITIONED OFFICE AT THE END OF THE WORKSHOP. HE IS TALKING WITH TWO MEN. ONE OF THEM, BLAIR, IS A TALL, EX-OFFICER TYPE WITH FLOWING HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE. THE OTHER, FENTON, [redacted] IS A ROUGHER-LOOKING CHARACTER WITH A CREW CUT AND A SCARRED FACE. CALLAN MOVES UP TO THE GLASS, KANARO FOLLOWING. CLARKE DOESN'T SEE THEM AT FIRST BECAUSE HE IS POINTING TO A MAP OF AFRICA BEHIND HIS CHAIR. WE DO NOT HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION. AS HE TURNS AND SEES CALLAN HE REACTS. HE GETS UP FROM THE DESK AND COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE.

CLARKE: Dave ! How the hell did you get here ?

CALLAN: I walked in through the door.

KANARO: Surreptitiously.

CALLAN: [redacted], Oxford or Cambridge ?

KANARO: Sandhurst, actually.

CLARKE GIVES A CHUCKLE. HE MOTIONS TO KANARO TO LAY DOWN THE KERI, CLAPS CALLAN ON THE BACK.

CLARKE: Kanaro used to be a soldier, like me. Now we're partners in another line of business.

CALLAN: Afrocraft ?

HE TURNS, WALKS AROUND THE BENCHES.

CLARKE: We're away to the races. It's all the fashion.

CALLAN: Quite a set-up, Nobby.

KANARO: A vibrant new culture.

CALLAN LIFTS A STATUESQUE CARVING OF A NUDE AFRICAN WOMAN ~~FROM A [illegible] IT IS~~ IN ORDINARY LIGHT WOOD.

CALLAN: And the more primitive the better ? How do you solve the colour problem ?

~~CLARKE~~ KANARO ~~EXAMINES~~ LIFTS A PAINT-SPRAY, TAKES THE CARVING FROM CALLAN.

CLARKE: He isn't sensitive.

KANARO: It's quite simple. (HE SPRAYS CARVING ~~[illegible]~~ BLACK) Now it's solid ebony.

CLARKE: We're in the process of organising sales staff right across Britain.

CALLAN LOOKS INTO THE OFFICE. INTERCUT ~~[illegible]~~ HIS P.O.V. ~~[illegible]~~ OF THE AFRICAN MAP AND THE TWO MEN, WHO ARE LOOKING ~~[illegible]~~ WARILY ~~AND~~ AT CALLAN. THROUGH THE PARTITION

CALLAN: Are those two of the recruits ?

CLARKE: possibles. Could do very well. ~~They're very promising.~~ I was just interviewing them.

CALLAN: ~~There's a problem at the wrong time.~~ Sorry I butted in.

CLARKE: Don't be daft. Always glad to see you. And I'm not forgetting my promise.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE PRETENDS TO LOOK GRATEFUL.

CALLAN: That's why I called in, Nobby. I thought it might have slipped your mind.

CLARKE: Would I let it do that, old son ?

CALLAN: I'm still interested. (LOOKS AROUND) Even more so.

CLARKE: Great.

HE STARTS TO LEAD CALLAN TOWARDS THE EXIT.

CALLAN: How's Rena ?

CLARKE: She's fine. Tell you what. I've got more interviews right now. But I'll contact you tomorrow, okay ?

CALLAN NODS AND LEAVES. HOLD ON CLARKE AS KANARO JOINS HIM.

KANARO: How did he know where to find you ?

CLARKE: Callan's [redacted] the type to find anyone if he wants to. In the [redacted] jungle he was better than any guide.

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KANARO: Are you sure he's trustworthy ?

CLARKE: Only one way to find out. Employ him.

CUT TO:

36. EXT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. (FILM OR STUDIO LOC.)

CALLAN LEAVING THE WAREHOUSE. SOUND OF TRAINS AGAIN. HE [redacted] GLANCES AT THE DISMAL SURROUNDINGS.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) This is a [redacted] damn long way from Africa. I wonder if Nobby and Kanaro really have changed trains at King's Cross ? With that accent - and Sandhurst - Kanaro must have been a Brigadier back home, at least.

AS HE WALKS AWAY THE CAMERA PANS OVER TO A CAR. A MAN STEPS OUT. ZOOM IN TO SHOW [redacted] MERES.

CUT TO:

37. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

[redacted] IS LONELY PLAYING WITH CALLAN'S TOY SOLDIERS. CALLAN STARES AT HIM OVER THE TABLE.

[redacted]

CALLAN: Passports ?

~~LONELY: (NOBBY) A dozen have changed hands in the past week, at~~

LONELY: That's right, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: How many ?

LONELY: About a dozen so far - at top prices. Go-between's an old prison pal of mine. Nice racket. He's an undertaker. Gets them from the relatives of -

CALLAN: (OVER) Sold to Nobby Clarke, you're sure ?

LONELY: (NODS) Positive. He must be going to ~~[illegible]~~ ship a rough old mob o' ~~[illegible]~~ blokes out of the country.

CALLAN HAS GATHERED A GROUP OF TOY SOLDIERS TOGETHER THOUGHTFULLY.

CALLAN: ~~[illegible]~~ They're called mercenaries, Lonely. ~~A small army of mercenaries.~~

CUT TO:

38. INT. WORKSHOP. NIGHT.

IN THE OFFICE. AND KAVARO INTERVIEWING.
CLOSE ON CLARKE ~~TALKING TO~~ SOMEONE SEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK, WHOM WE DON'T YET IDENTIFY.

CLARKE: With your service record, I'd say you'll enjoy every minute of it. (HE GRINS) We've got two interrogation camps, ~~both badly staffed. Can you leave by the eighteenth ?~~

~~PAN OVER TO SHOW THE INTERVIEWEE. IT IS VERRES.~~

KANARO: Both badly staffed.

CLARKE: Can you leave by about the eighteenth ?

PULL BACK TO SHOW THAT THE VISITOR IS MERES. HE SMILES.

MERES: Tomorrow, if you like.

KANARO GETS UP AND ~~EXAKTSXXDZX EXITSxSHAKINGxHANDS~~ SHAKES HANDS.

KANARO: That's the sort of spirit we ~~xxkxx~~ appreciate.

HE EXITS. MERES TURNS TO CLARKE.

MERES: How many others are going, Major ?

CLARKE: We're still recruiting. But you'll be in good company.

MERES: Anyone I might know ?

CLARKE: ~~Mixed~~ Assorted bunch, as you can imagine. All ranks.

MERES: Of course.

CLARKE: Wide range of skills .. Mathieson, former Engineer's explosives man .. paratroop sergeant, Witcher .. very likely an old jungle-warfare ~~buddy~~ colleague of mine, Callan ..

SHOW MERES DELIBERATELY REACTING.

MERES: What name did you say ?

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CLARKE: Callan. Dave Callan.

MERES: I know that name. A few years ago in Cyprus I was involved in a security case - when I was still an active officer. There was a Callan mixed up with it, working for some section of British Intelligence.

CLARKE: Wouldn't be the Callan I know. He left the Army long before Cyprus. And as for working in —

MERES: (OVER) Five-ten, roundish face, speaks with a slight Cockney accent ..

CAMERA GOES IN CLOSE ON CLARKE AS MERES CONTINUES.

Believe he used to be a Corporal. In Malaya, or somewhere, before they quietly transfered him for special duties ..

ON CLARKE'S EXPREESION:

FADE OUT.

END OF PART TWO.

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